



*He hath born our Iniquities.*



*He hath born our Iniquities.*



701. d. 12

*Christus Patiens:*  
OR, THE  
SUFFERINGS  
OF  
CHRIST  
AN  
HEROIC POEM.

In Two Books.

Made English from the Latin Original of RAPIN.

MARO Arma Virumque, RAPINUS Crucem Deum-  
que, depingit; Ille Deos Illo cum Heroe suo pro-  
fugos bellumque Latio infert, Hic orbi pacato Christum  
in ipso Passionis agone, mortisque articulo de morte  
triumphantem.

L O N D O N:

Printed for E. CURLL in Fleetstreet. C RIVINGTON  
in St. Paul's Church-Yard, J. BROTHERTON in  
Cornhill, and W. LEWIS in Covent Garden. MDCCLXX.

(Price 1 s. 6 d.)

CHRISTIANITY  
 OF THE  
 SUPREMACY  
 OF  
 CHRIST  
 IN  
 THE  
 ROMAN  
 CATHOLIC  
 CHURCH  
 BY  
 JOHN  
 H. WATSON  
 D.D.  
 LONDON  
 1841

Y  
 M  
 A  
 h  
 i  
 s  
 t  
 o  
 r  
 y  
 o  
 f  
 t  
 h  
 e  
 C  
 h  
 r  
 i  
 s  
 t  
 i  
 a  
 n  
 C  
 h  
 u  
 r  
 c  
 h  
 o  
 f  
 E  
 n  
 g  
 l  
 a  
 n  
 d  
 a  
 n  
 d  
 t  
 h  
 e  
 C  
 o  
 n  
 t  
 i  
 n  
 e  
 n  
 t  
 a  
 l  
 C  
 h  
 u  
 r  
 c  
 h  
 o  
 f  
 E  
 n  
 g  
 l  
 a  
 n  
 d  
 a  
 n  
 d  
 t  
 h  
 e  
 C  
 o  
 n  
 t  
 i  
 n  
 e  
 n  
 t  
 a  
 l  
 C  
 h  
 u  
 r  
 c  
 h  
 o  
 f  
 E  
 n  
 g  
 l  
 a  
 n  
 d



TO HIS GRACE  
The Lord Arch-Bishop  
OF  
YORK.

*May it please Your GRACE,*

**A** POET has in all Ages  
assumed to himself, the  
particular Privilege of  
distinguishing his Labours, un-  
der the Sanction and Patron-  
age

## *The* DEDICATION.

age of the Great; of Persons eminent in that Science, Virtue, or Subject which he celebrates: The same Poetical License has emboldened me to present a Version of a *Latin* POEM, on the most Noble, the most Sacred, and Important Subject, *viz.* THE REDEMPTION OF THE WORLD, AND DEATH OF CHRIST, to the Protection of One, the truest Ornament of Religion, and most zealous Propagator of the Christian Faith; and (if I may be allowed to make this bold Confession,) I am certain, that I received no small Satisfaction and proceeded (if a Transla

to

## *The* DEDICATION.

or, or rather an Imitator, may  
ay any Pretensions to the Merit  
of those Qualities,) with no  
mean rapture of Thought, and  
spirit of Numbers, when I had  
happily determined on your  
Grace for my Patron. This  
Subject, I was convinced, requi-  
ed the Defence of One of  
an exalted Character, of One  
who dares make himself the  
Bulwark of Religion, and set  
forth a good Example in the  
worst of Times: And such a one,  
I am sure, I have found in  
your Grace; who whilst you  
shine in the highest Eminence  
of external Honours, receive  
but



## *The* DEDICATION.

but a weak Lustre from them, in Competition with those many united Virtues and good Actions, that like so many Rivals study which shall render You the most conspicuous, and bring you the greatest and justest Offering of Praise.

Your Grace's Character affords so large, so beautiful, and so pleasurable a Theme for just Encomiums, that to forbear is an Injury to the World, and to attempt it (I fear) would be an Offence to Your Grace. Those publick Acknowledgements of good Actions take off the private Satisfaction, that

## *The* DEDICATION

is felt in doing them, which alone bring to, and are in themselves their own Reward: So un-ambitious, so tender, and so modest is true Merit, that whilst we do Justice to its Perfections, we commit a Violence on the Owner of them. The Fear of this, and the Distrust of my own Abilities, have therefore prevailed upon me to decline so dangerous an Attempt: And I shall only trouble Your Grace with a few Remarks concerning this Performance,

The Author, RAPIN, discovers through the whole, every Excellence of a good Poet;

b

as

## *The* DEDICATION.

as it is plain he kept *Virgil* in his Eye, and made it his particular Pride to copy so great a Master, we may as easily perceive how well the Success has answered the utmost of his Wishes; as his Subject is the Sublimest that ever Poet drew, his Sentiments rise to an equal Sublimity, and his Expressions swell with Proper Dignity. When the Soul is to be alarmed, the Passion touched with any Image of Surprize, Horror, or Compassion, with what Master-Art doth he perform it? He hurries, (as it were) away the human Soul with the terrible Idea he presents, and draws

## *The* DEDICATION.

draws it into a severe Sensation of every Agony he describes. As for any Objections that may be made upon account of the Opposition this Author's Principles bear to those of the Church of *England*, we shall find, (I dare say) very little in this Poem, that carries in it, either the notorious Superstition of his Country, or the sour Bigotry and confined Precepts of that Society, of which he was a Member.

That he differed from their Sentiments, is evident from these Lines.

## *The DEDICATION.*

*Nec mihi vile adeo quisquam  
persuaserit Autor*

*Sanguinis esse tui pretium, divine  
Redemptor,*

*Ut Genus humanum non fructus  
Mortis ad omne*

*Pertineat. Quis enim metas im-  
ponat Amori*

*Immenso, meritumque Crucis tam  
parcus in arcum*

*Deducat ?*

The true Doctrine of a  
good Protestant, and a good  
Chri-



## The DEDICATION,

Christian. For my own Part,  
the Ambition I had of ren-  
dering it into *English* Verse,  
overcame any Apprehension  
of the Difficulty. The Me-  
thod I have taken, tho' Perhaps  
not according to the justest,  
and strictest Rules of a Tran-  
slation, I am sure is the easiest  
and freest, and has been often  
practised with the best Suc-  
cess. A literal Translation is  
too obscure and harsh for the  
taste of an *English* Reader,  
when, if the Sense of the Author  
is only consulted, the Sentiments  
drawn in the properest Co-  
lours the Translator's Language  
will

## *The* DEDICATION.

will admit of, the original Expressions may be dropt, and the Author yet appear to no Disadvantage, but with greater Perspicuity, and Gracefulness. I would not by this appear to insinuate any Thing in favour of my own Performance, which I most humbly submit to Your Grace's Judgment, with a Consciousness of many Juvenile Imperfections, and yet a Hope that if I have been so happy to have succeeded in any Part that carries the least Merit, it may recommend me to the Protection of Your Grace's known Humanity, and good Nature, overbalance the gross Mistake

*The* DEDICATION.

Mistakes, and in some manner  
make an Attonement for the  
freedom of this Address.

*I am,*

*May it please Your GRACE,*

*Your GRACE'S*

*Most dutiful*

*Humble Servant,*

C. BECKINGHAM.

THE DEDICATION.

Wishes, and in some manner  
make an Attachment for the  
redemption of this Address.

May it please Your Grace,

Your Grace's

Most humble

Flameless Service,

C. BECKINGHAM.



THE  
SUFFERINGS of *CHRIST*.  
AN  
HEROIC POEM.

---

BOOK I.

---

**L**ET others swell their Mercenary Lays  
With Empire's gaudy Height, or Va-  
lour's Praise,

With Lawrels bought by many a glorious Scar,  
The Pride of Monarchs, and the Pomp of War;

B

Let



Let Earth-born Heroes in their Numbers shine,  
The great REDEEMER of the WORLD in mine.  
To THEE, blest Offspring of th' ETERNAL King,  
My Verse is sacred, and of THEE I sing;  
Thy Meritorious Death, the guilty Wood,  
Thy Shameful Tortures, and the *Suff'ring* GOD!  
How that great Curse the first fall'n Man entail'd  
On After-Ages, was by THEE repeal'd.

Whilst thus the Muse attempts with pious Pains  
To sing Immortal Grievs in Mortal Strains,  
Each undeserv'd Affliction to disclose,  
United Deaths, and complicated Woes;  
Had I a Trumpet terrible as that,  
Which in the Moments of accomplish'd Fate,

## CHRIST'S *Sufferings.*

3

In the rude Wreck of Worlds, and Day of Wrath  
Shall sound the last Decree, and Summon forth  
In re-united State, the Bones that sleep  
Within the yawning Grave, or frighted Deep ;  
How should each conscious Breast its Anguish show,  
And shudder with Extravagance of Woe !  
What dire Laments deplore their Guilty State,  
And mourn with full Distress a Loss so great !

At least, enlarge my Bosom with the same  
Un-shrinking Vigour, and Cœlestial Flame,  
That, GLORIOUS SUFF'ERER ! on the *Fatal Tree*,  
I'th' last faint Gasp of Nature strengthen'd THEE ;  
That in the Grave thy Sacred Spirit led  
Through the dark Mansions of the silent Dead,

Made Hell's Recesses ope their Bars with Awe,  
And Rebel Worlds receive their MONARCH's Law,

Let some by fancied Inspiration sing,  
APOLLO's Aid, or the *Pierian* Spring,  
Vain Bards! Vain Succours! I invoke not You,  
The CROSS my Subject, and my PATRON too:  
Be THOU, Great AUTHOR of MAN's Good, my  
Guide,

'And o'er the Labours of my Verse preside;  
Aid me to open this prodigious Scene,  
This Source of Man's *Redemption* once again,  
To unborn Times the shocking Wonder tell,  
How for a sinful World its MAKER fell;  
How Rocks did at the Sight to Pity turn,  
Unloose their stubborn Nerves, and seem to mourn;

The

# CHRIST's *Sufferings.*

5

The Golden *Sun* withdrew His conscious Ray,  
and skreen'd the Horrour from the Face of Day;  
Nature's whole Frame, Earth, Elements and All,  
share the Confusion, and attend his Fall.

Near *Solyma's* fair Walls a Gården stood,  
steep on a Hill, and cover'd with a Wood,  
an Ever-springing *Olivet* that spread  
fruitful Branches in a verdant Shade;  
either, full oft for Solitude, and Pray'r,  
the *Twelve Disciples* with their LORD repair:  
upon as the Rites of that New *Sacred Feast*,  
ordin'd in Honour of the Dying *CHRIST*,  
were o'er; the pious Consecrations made,  
the due Oblations to the FATHER paid;

Here

Here then He came, determin'd to resign  
His Life, spontaneous to the Will Divine:  
Near Him his Friends their careful Stations chose  
And watch'd with promis'd Zeal, but Night around  
Sleep o'er the Human Faculties obtains,  
And binds the weary Sense in Iron Chains.

Whilst He in weightiest Thought does onward  
roam

Thro' the deep Shade, and solitary Gloom,  
Strongly revolving in His tortur'd Brain,  
Of sad expected Ills a bitter Train;  
His Ignominious Pangs, Unworthy Doom,  
And the dread Image of that Death to come:  
Whilst these Ideas all His Soul divide,  
The Scene of Blood fresh gushing from His Side



# CHRIST's *Sufferings.*

7

With aggravated Pain; his Sinews groan,  
And feel a Coward Damp; till then unknown;

He doubts, He pauses, trembles and repines,

And what He once resolv'd, He now declines:

Gainst this, He pleads His God-like Sire's Com-  
mand,

His own firm Promise to the Suff'ring Land,

Giv'n out long since, from Life's first Infant Dawn;

When erst he vow'd, (and put this Being on,)

HIMSELF in Pity to His Brethren's State,

A willing Victim to reverse their Fate.

Whilst Doubts on Doubts thus in his Bosom

rage,

And Thoughts with Thoughts in direst Conflict

wage,

In

In the extremest Bitterness of Pain,  
Prostrate he falls upon the dewy Plain,  
And from the Depth of His divided Breast,  
The FATHER thus in suppliant Grief address:

Why rise these Tumults in my lab'ring Mind?  
Where am I born? What Torments yet behind?  
O Righteous PARENT! What, must I resign  
A guiltless Victim for a Fault not mine?  
Must I in Blood for Their Offences pay,  
And expiate Other's Crimes so hard a Way?  
Am I your well-lov'd SON? convince ME now,  
And snatch ME instant from the shameful Blow;  
Pity ME now at Death's tremendous Gate,  
And now reprove me from the Jaws of Fate.

## CHRIST'S *Sufferings.*

9

Thus in this Fervour of His Soul he ends,  
And visits once again His *Slumb'ring Friends*,  
To Pray'r returns again, in Thought's wild Maze;  
Torn here and there, at once ten thousand Ways:  
His Agonies distill'd such Streams of Blood,  
They made the Field below a Purple Flood;

Beyond those Worlds that far in *Æther* lie,  
Beyond the Glories of the Nether Sky,  
The *Sun's* Imperial Rule, or *Moon's* pale Reign;  
Religion's Eye beholds a Stately Fane;  
Where, high Enthron'd, resides the mighty God;  
With Subject Angels waiting at his Nod.  
Deep in its inmost venerable Shade  
A curious Altar, God himself the Head;

C

Around,

Around, in Num'rous Pomp and Order, stand  
 Mankind's blest'd Guardians, the Seraphick Band  
 Who Day by Day, in Suppliant Homage bring  
 Mortal Petitions to th' Immortal KING;  
 Sollicitous for MAN, his Groans, his Fears,  
 His Earnest Hopes, and Penitential Tears;  
 This is the Frankincense those Hosts prepare,  
 And this the Sacrifice that's offer'd there;  
 Where Justice weighs the contrite Sinner's Cause,  
 Softens its keener Edge, and rig'rous Laws.

Then in the utmost Throbbings of Despair,  
 The Heat of Soul, and Violence of Pray'r,  
 When lifted Hands did THY great Anguish show  
 THY Cheeks all water'd with the gushing Woe;

## CHRIST's *Sufferings.*

11

Then SAVIOUR, then, that anxious World on high  
Beheld THY Sorrows from the distant Sky;  
With pious Grief, and sad Amaze they bear  
THY Vows, THY Groanings to their MASTER'S  
Ear:

Deeply suspensive, where the THUND'RER'S Rage,  
Provok'd by Ills on Ills, from Age to Age,  
Would now at last discharge the gather'd Storm,  
And point the Vengeance of his lifted Arm,  
With Loyal Zeal they to the Altar run,  
And move the FATHER for His suff'ring SON;  
In honest Strife, each pitying Angel strove  
To give a Token of his generous Love,  
Strongly they intercede; a part relate  
The first sad Hardships of His Infant State;



His humble Birth, the voluntary Load  
 Of Human Substance that disguis'd the God:  
 How in the Prison of a Womb He lay  
 Nine tedious Moons, a Stranger to the Day,  
 Depriv'd of Promis'd Worlds, and Kingly Sway.

Others a Scene more infamous unfold,  
 The Straw, the Manger, and the piercing Cold;  
 Others His wounded Side, the Stream of Blood,  
 Laid out for Human Crimes, and Mortal's Good,  
 T'expunge their Crying Guilt, and Living Shame  
 And merit to himself the SAVIOUR's Name:  
 To this they add His own free generous Will,  
 His oft repeated Vows, confirming still  
 His great Resolves, since Life's first Ray began,  
 To Die for Human Sins, and rescue Man.

Thro

# CHRIST's *Sufferings.* 13

Thro' all th' Afflictions of a troubled Life,  
Each Circumstance of Death, and Scene of Grief,  
Still glow'd His Bosom with the constant Flame,  
His Love unshaken, His Resolves the same,

Others recount his Flight to Ægypt's Land,  
From HEROD's dire Decree, and vengeful Hand,

A Hundred more of equal Virtue rose,  
And argu'd strongly the MESSIAH's Cause;  
How in a Peasant-Roof, the Son of GOD  
Earn'd with a Slavish Sweat His daily Food;  
Thro' Pathless Woods in lonely Sorrow stray'd,  
Meagre His Visage, and His Strength decay'd:  
Forty successive SUNS with Patience past  
A tedious, fad, uninterrupted Fast;

Relent-

Relentless to His Wants, all, all were Foes,  
Nor Tree its Fruit affords, nor Fountain flows,

Others reflect how fast his Mercies fall,  
Injur'd by all, and yet forgiving all;  
Tho' threaten'd by His own perfidious Soil,  
Hunted from Snare to Snare, from Toil to Toil;  
He thus again, too prodigally good,  
Offers the eager Crew His scented Blood,  
Whilst the astonish'd World with wond'ring Awe  
Heard His New Doctrines, and His nobler Law:  
With what extensive Ardour did He Pray!  
And shew the erring World the happy Way!  
Thro' ev'ry Part the sacred Truths reveal,  
With heav'nly Candour, and Immortal Zeal,

# CHRIST'S *Sufferings.* 15

Fix the Foundations of their Faith anew;  
Erase their falser Rites, and teach the True.

Here Thousands His unruffled Patience show,  
Calm thro' the sad Varieties of Woe;  
How, faint with tiresom Travels, worn with Care,  
With all th' Extremities of deep Despair,  
Bleak Winds, and parching Thirst, He still was  
happy there.

His Nights of Pray'r devoted to His God,  
On a wild Mountain, or a Desert Wood;  
How oft, when Sleep exciting Shades drew on,  
Restless he slumber'd on a naked Stone.

Whilst

Whilst thus the faithful Ministry relate  
Each piteous Scene of the MESSIAH's Fate;  
At last on God unanimous they call,  
Earnest to hear the great Result of all;  
What Force His Griefs, what Hopes His Prayers  
attend,  
Or where the Limit of His Woes should end;  
Where from this Gulph of Fate He might explore  
Some Beam of Light, or hospitable Shore:  
A Fav'rite Angel rose, the first above,  
In Trust, in Honours, and his Monarch's Love;  
Great was his Skill in Numbers soft Access,  
In winning Sounds, and eloquent Address;  
From long conceiv'd Resentment much He spoke,  
Much He alledg'd the Sentence to revoke:

With



## CHRIST'S *Sufferings.* 17

With Social Sorrow He had felt His Fate;  
And bore of all His Load an equal Weight;  
Had stood in Reas'ning strong, in Virtue fast;  
Each Hurricane of Ills, unwavering to the last;  
Reminding, when at *Jordan's* Chrystal Streams,  
He bath'd, tho' spotless all, His Head and Limbs;  
How to the Lower World the Heav'nly SIRE  
Confess'd His OFFSPRING from a Cloud of Fire;  
Whilst, thro' each Region of the conscious Sky,  
In radiant Streams th' exulting Light'nings fly,  
And *Æther* thunder'd with uncommon Joy:  
Its glad Assent in op'ning Glories show'd,  
In grateful Homage to the PARENT GOD:  
On Golden Wings to bless the New-born Heir,  
The *Dove-like* Spirit thro' the Chrystal Air

D

Earth:

Earthward descending, did the Child inspire;  
And in His Soul infus'd the Sacred Fire:  
To this he adds, let *Tabor's-Mount* declare,  
And Witnesses for me what was acted there;  
When Heav'n's GREAT KING, whilst Light'nings  
round Him shone,  
To all th' assembled Host proclaim'd His Son;  
Fix'd His vast Reign, decreed that every Clime,  
And ev'ry Peopled Nation Bow to Him.

To this, how well He bore the great Com-  
mand?

And grafted Sacred Truths in ev'ry Land?  
In ev'ry Town, what Miracles He show'd,  
That spake the AUTHOR, and reveal'd the GOD?

## CHRIST'S *Sufferings.* 19

Take then this SON, Great FATHER, to thy Mind,  
His just Petitions with His Merit join'd,  
On Death's dire Brink, nor still relentless be  
To one so worthy, so distress'd as HE;  
O! Fix the Line extreme of Toils like these,  
And give the groaning Victim a Release!  
In this a PARENT's Fondness should prevail,  
And a SON's Merit turn the doubtful Scale,  
Thus MICHAEL pray'd, HIM all the Heav'nly Choir  
Join in the same great Cause, and in the same  
Desire.

With that Immortal Voice which awes Mankind,  
That to the Suppliant Throng th' OMNIPOTENT re-  
join'd;

Know All ye mighty MINISTERS, that sue,  
 I am not deaf, or to MY SON, or YOU,  
 But HIS Afflictions ask Redress in vain  
 From us, with-held by Fate's Eternal Chain,  
 'And OUR own promis'd Covenant to Man :  
 Since the first MORTAL durst OUR Will dispute,  
 'And rashly gather'd the forbidden Fruit;  
 By the Delusion of a *Serpent* gain'd,  
 'With Impious Mouth OUR Majesty profan'd,  
 Spurn'd OUR Injunction, and OUR Law disdain'd.

'An Insolence, like this, from Common Clay,  
 Is not atton'd for, in a Common Way;  
 Offended Law, and a resenting God  
 Demand more full Revenge than Mortal Blood :

# CHRIST's *Sufferings.*

21

the Wrath Divine by Human Sins enrag'd,  
not by Human Sacrifice asswag'd,  
from Blood Divine, rich as the Crime was great,  
must be appeas'd alone;—And This is Fate.

Streight from th' attending Host He Summons'

One,

a Commission to His Trembling Son,

Apprehension lost, His Soul to calm,

with Strength of Reason, and with Words of

Balm ;

in His Breast, or Love, or Duty dwell,

Let Him reflect on Man's Condition well,

Ignominious Lot, disgraceful State,

the Glories of His Own approaching Fate;

What



What Praise, what Honour, He'll from thence  
acquire,

Both to HIMSELF, and ME HIS Heav'nly SIRE?

If, to HIS FATHER's Dignity, or Cause

He bears Respect, no more let HIM oppose

Or Fate's just Sentence, or HIS Own Applause;

Let HIM submit, by that Submission prove

HIS Filial Duty, or Fraternal Love;

Resolve on Death, t' appease HIS FATHER's Mind

Restore HIS Brethren Life, and Save Mankind.

The Herald wing'd his Way, bore swiftly on

Th' Almighty Father's Message to HIS Son,

Still ruminating o'er and o'er again,

Each pungent Torture, and each bleeding Vein

HIS Bosom pierc'd with unexhausted Pain.

## CHRIST's *Sufferings.* 23

How with vile Taunts His Own ungrateful Land  
Shou'd on the Cross their Dying MARTYR brand;  
Posterity itself deride; so few receive  
That Pledge of Happiness He Dy'd to Leave,

Yet His Resolves, nor Death's severest Stroke;  
Dignities retard, or Fears revoke;

Whose Clouds of Vengeance that on Judah wait,  
And his Elected Friend's unworthy Fate:

These are the Storms He dreads, this all His  
Pain,

To Die He grieves not, but to Die in Vain.

Thus in the Depth of Care, above Him stood  
The New-arriv'd Embassador of God,

Unseen:

Unseen: In deadly Thought, and Horr  
; drown'd, M  
Stedfast He gloom'd upon the pensive Ground;  
Upon his Eyes a Heaviness there sat,  
Importing dire Distress, and full of Fate:  
Groan quick on Groan, from His torn Bos  
breaks,  
And on His Cheek the Sweating Anguish reeks  
Wav'ring in Doubt, and wishing all undone,  
Repenting of the Task He had begun,  
He longs to lay the tiresome Burthen down.

Nought but Death's ghastly Image skims along  
The Nails, Mock-Crown of Thorns, and Scour  
ing Thong.

## CHRIST's *Sufferings.* 25

He sees the Soldier the rough Jav'lin throw  
Full at His bleeding Side, and feels the Blow.

Next the *Prætorian* Troops, insatiate Crowd!  
Sworn to His Death, and rav'nous for His Blood;  
His Majesty traduc'd, His Honour stain'd,  
And at the Lawless *Latian* Bar Arraign'd:  
An arrogant, injurious PRINCE, to be  
The Judge of One, a greater Prince than He:  
Midst each black Scene of Horrour and Despair,  
Thy fatal Mount, O *Calvary*! was there;  
To His afflicted Mind thy Terror rose,  
The Theatre of Death, and Stage of all His Woes:  
Thus from their Throne shall *Caiaphas* exclaim,  
And *Annas* question my unspotted Name;

E

Thus

Thus the rude Soldier Mocks, insults My Chains;  
His Impious Hand his Saviour's Cheek profanes.

Thus Coward Peter shall his Vows forget,  
E're thrice the crested Bird its Note repeat,  
Abjure his MASTER at a Woman's Threat.  
Thus shall my persecuted Friends despair,  
From Place to Place retreat in hasty Fear,  
Implore the Night, and seek a Refuge there:  
Such Accusations shall the perjur'd Crowd  
Alledge, and bellow out Revenge and Blood.

Whilst thus each Object acts its fatal Part,  
And preys incessant on His bleeding Heart;  
His Soul from Storm to Storm is sadly tost,  
And in Variety of Horrors lost.



To Him at last thus pond'ring, thus distressed,  
The Angel nearer drew, and mildly thus Address'd.

Collect thy warring Passions, *Heav'n-born Son!*

The Tryal You evade, the Fate You shun,  
Will of vast Moment, Mightiest Glory be,  
Much to THY SIRE Supreme, and much to THEE,  
That Heav'nly Blood shall not in vain be shed,  
But with the Empire of the World repaid:

Behold what Subjects, and how rich a Throne,  
That Death thou dread'st so much, will make THY  
own;

When once THOU hast perform'd that Task of  
Woe,

and forc'd THY Passage to those Worlds below,

From thence with Hostile Spoils in Triumph rode;  
 Grac'd with their Captive Chiefs, a *Victor-God*;  
 With Shouts of Conquest, and with Songs of Joy,  
 Receiv'd Triumphant to thy Native Sky.

When thus thy Death has re-establish'd Man,  
 And wash'd away the universal Stain,  
 Another Happier Race shall flourish then:  
 A better *Æra* shall its Beams display,  
 And God be worshipp'd in a Nobler Way.  
 THY Self with Joy, the dreaded Stroke once  
     o'er,  
 Behold the vast Expanse of Climes adore  
 The Great MESSIAH's Name, unknown before.  
 Th' *Ægyptian* World to THEE shall Homage pay,  
 And throw its Timbrel DEITIES away;

# CHRIST's *Sufferings.* 29

From Superstitious Errors Greece be free,  
 Come, Mistress of the World, THY Vot'ers be,  
 And Institute New Sacrifice to THEE.

With these shall joyn the many vanquish'd Lands,  
 That stretch beyond *Arabia's* burning Sands;  
*Hebean* Grounds shall all their Incense pay,  
 The fierce, untam'd *Numidians* THEE obey;  
 The strong *Gelonians*, *Moors*, and *Cretans* come,  
 And *Nabatheans* from their Spicy Home.

Thus the Condoling Angel's Words compose,  
 And give Hrs strugg'ling Soul a small Repose;  
 But the opprobrious Sting of Death was yet  
 Too hard to Vanquish; to Conceal, too great:  
 To each Distress Hrs Thoughts return again,  
 Each piercing Anguish, and continu'd Pain;

The

The subtle-minded Priests, fomented Age,  
Unjust Aspersions, and the People's Rage:  
He dreads a far more fatal Shock than those;  
Apostate Faiths, and violated Vows:  
Whilst a Revolted Friend, Infernal Part!  
With fair Professions, but a Traytor Heart;  
Should guide the Hostile Soldiers to their Prey,  
Give the curs'd Sign, and by a Kiss Betray.

The faithful Remnant in Confusion fly,  
Scarce on the Shelter of the Night rely;  
As when the Tutelary Shepherd's slain,  
His Woolly Charge disperse along the Plain,  
Enjoy their Pastures, and their Rest no more,  
Scar'd at the Thunder of the Lion's Roar.

# CHRIST's *Sufferings.* 31

He adds, how Guilty *Judas* should proceed,  
 And on himself revenge the Traytor-Deed;  
 How self-convicted, curse the Day, and chuse  
 Some fatal Branch, and from the shameful Noose,  
 Pursuing the last Dictates of Despair,  
 Shou'd Hang, his Saviour's Suff'rings to repair,  
 By his distended Throat ith' frighted Air:  
 How His own Back, sad Infamy! must stand  
 The supple Willows smart, and Scourger's Hand;  
 His naked Ribs resound the doubled Blow,  
 The Pavement floating with His Blood below:  
 His Mangled Limbs in scatter'd Pieces fly,  
 In impious Mirth, and wound the suff'ring Sky;  
 His Neck with Pain unutterable, worn,  
 Gall'd with the Anguish of the piercing Thorn;

Instead



Instead of Princely Garments, vilely drest  
In a Contemptuous Robe, and Servile Vest;  
That thus with better Privilege, the Crowd  
Might Mock, Upbraid, and Sport upon their God  
Deride His Meanness; at His Tortures Jest,  
Their Insults by His Patience but increast:  
With all the Horrors, long, long since foretold,  
By our dire Prophecies, and Bards of Old.

Tho' Ills, like these, His pensive Mind divide,  
Chear'd by the Counsel of his Angel-Guide;  
He shook off ev'ry Terror, Doubt, and Pain,  
Recover'd His Great Soul, and was HIMSELF  
again.

I'll Go, HE cries, where MY dear Father's Will  
Summons my Duty, and Commands my Zeal;

His High irrevocable Law obey;  
and wash this universal Guilt away;  
Nor Doubts shall more retard, nor Fears dismay.

He spoke, and rising furious from the Ground;  
With Vigour for the Task; HE turn'd HIM round;  
and lo! a Mighty Host, with Arms that shone,  
and gain'd a dreadful Lustre from the Moon,  
had broke the Garden Walls, and forc'd their  
way;

and rush'd on their unarm'd, deserted Prey:  
With Clam'rous Triumphs their Success applaud;  
and thro' the City drag the Captive God,  
to be insulted, in Revenge and Sport,  
by a False Judgment, and Illegal Court:

The Chiefs, all dex'trous for the Work, with  
Arts

That Cobweb o'er the Malice of their Hearts,  
Support their Charge with a well-acted Zeal,  
Demand His Sentence for the Publick Weal;  
With Snares, Confed'rate Rage, Remorseless Hate  
League to His Ruin all, and urge His Fate:  
Shock'd at a Charge so villainous, a Load  
So black with daring Crimes, and big with Fraud  
Firm on the Earth HE fix'd His scornful Eyes,  
In Virtue strong, and silent with Surprise;  
Nor would His Wrongs, or injur'd Honour deign  
Th' injurious Prefect's Charge, a Plea again.

He wav'd the Mortal Crown, yet to the Face  
Of the bold Prætor, blush'd He not to trace  
The glorious Source of His Celestial Race.  
Bravely He boasted His Immortal Blood,  
Affirm'd His Lineage, and avow'd the God.

But the High-Priest with a feign'd Horror shook,  
And tore his Robes with Rage at what He spoke;  
Pronounc'd it Blasphemy: He cries away!  
Unto the Roman President convey  
The vile Blasphemer! to receive His Fate,  
And feel the Sentence of a Crime so great,

PONTIUS, Rome's Deputy, then bore Command,  
And for AUGUSTUS sway'd the Jewish Land:

A happy People in a downy Ease,  
Bless'd with the Fullness, and the Calm of Peace;

Here in full Cry th' Impetuous Rabble press,  
Strongly resolv'd to prosecute Distress;  
To Slake their Hellish Thirst with Heav'nly Gore,  
'And make their perjur'd Accusations more:  
'Thro' the throng'd Porch the mingled Clamour  
Sound,

The Roof re-ecchoes, and the Walls rebound;  
Their various Venom various Tongues alledge,  
'And whet their Malice to a keener Edge.

Some urge, how oft th' Impostor God profan'd  
Those Days for Worship, and for Rest ordain'd;  
Enjoin'd to cease from Work, He work'd the more,  
Healing the Sick, Decrepid, and the Poor;



## CHRIST's *Sufferings.*

37

By Him admitted to their Publick Feasts;  
His own Disciples sat unhallow'd Guests,  
In breach of Custom which so long held good,  
With rude, and unwash'd Hands defil'd the Food,

Others the melting Eloquence that hung  
Upon His skill'd Sedition-moving Tongue,  
When thro' the Neighb'ring Villages, He sow'd  
Pernicious Schemes amongst the murm'ring Croud:  
In Tumult pow'rful, in Sedition bold,  
Repeal'd their Edicts, and their Laws of old;  
Us'd dark ambiguous Terms to cover o'er  
His mischievous Design, and Cheat the More;  
His Arrogance that durst assert the Crown,  
And boast the Right, not *Cæsar's*, but His own.

Others

Others cry, Let *Jerusalem* accuse  
His fruitless Menaces, and impious Vows,  
His frequent Boasts, as blasphemous, as vain,  
Their Temples to o'erturn, and build again.

Whilst thus with bitter Rage, and restless Hate,  
The several Parties prosecute His Fate,  
To's Charge such foul, but weak Aspersions lay,  
And aggravate His Guilt this vilest Way;  
In pale Distraction, and in dire Affright,  
Scar'd by some Fantom of the gloomy Night,  
Great *Pilate's* Consort makes her sad Report,  
And earnest warns Her Lord to quit the Court,  
To take the Omen, dreadful as it was,  
And extricate HIMSELF from such a Cause;

# CHRIST'S *Sufferings.* 39

Nor pass a Doom unjust, but well beware  
To stain with guiltless Blood the Judgment-Chair.

Aw'd by the sad relation, He commands  
A Pot of Water strait to cleanse his Hands.  
In Presence of the People, to declare  
His Mind (if Guilt it was,) from Guilt as clear.  
Thus to allay her inauspicious Tears,  
And baffle all her Visionary Fears:  
Nor was there then a Prospect to assuage  
The Elders bloody Thirst, or the *Plebeians* Rage.

All to His Thoughts arise in deadliest Form,  
The City's Tumult, and the Rabble's Storm;  
Then chiefly whilst *Augustus* they proclaim,  
And shadow their curst Cause with *Cesar's* Name;

By

By that Pretext their general Ire provoke;  
Hunt down the spotless Prey, and urge the Stroke;  
Vanquish'd at last by Noise, by Fear betray'd,  
And by the Tide of lawless Tumult sway'd;  
He yields at last to the Blood-thirsty Crew  
The Innocent MESSIAH; then withdrew.

As when, with swelling Sails the swift-wing'd  
Ship  
Cuts its fierce Passage o'er the *Tuscan* Deep;  
If on a sudden blacker Clouds arise,  
Gloom in the Air, and thicken in the Skies;  
Terribly fatal, threat'ning from afar  
The trembling Sailors with a Watry War,  
The Pilot does a-while His Task perform,  
Manage the Stern, and combat with the Storm,

Summons

## CHRIST'S Sufferings. 41

Summons His Fellows to their Oars, if yet  
Or Hope, or Strength, were left their dreadful  
State,  
To weather their Distress, and stem their Fate.  
But when the Winds grow fiercer by Degrees,  
Lash the indignant Waves, and foam upon the  
Seas,  
He views the Clouds with gather'd Fury swell'd;  
The Heav'n all dark'ned with the Storm it held,  
He quits his rude ungovernable Charge,  
And trusts the Vessel to the Winds at large.

The factious Herd thus satisfied at last  
By this dire Sentence on their Saviour past;  
This weak Concession, hover now no more  
In anxious doubt around the Prætor's Door;

G

With



With open Fury for His Blood they cry,  
His Blood the Elders of the Land reply;  
The Priests, and Roman Troops all join the  
Croud,  
All bellow Justice on the sentenc'd God.  
Mean While the fatal Instrument is brought,  
Engine of Death, the Cross of Cedar wrought,  
On Two large Pillars rais'd, with Master-Art  
Shap'd for its horrid Work, and dreadful Part.

Now, LORD, behold the Scaffold of thy  
Doom!

Sacred to Thousand Ages yet to come!  
Where for our Sins our God a Victim lay,  
The Mighty Ransom of the World to pay.

The *Roman* Phalanx leads the dismal Scene,  
And next the Saviour's Self in Shameful Mien,  
Bending beneath the fatal burth'nous Wood,  
His Face with Grief besmear'd, and spouting  
Blood :

Arm'd Troops of Horse and Foot enclose Him  
round,

Dragg'd by the Rope with which His Arms were  
bound ;

Whilst the oppressive Cross rais'd Groan on  
Groan,

With sanguine rav'nous Shouts they urge Him on.

His Mournful Mother still reserv'd to see

This last extreme of Fate, attends Him to the  
Tree ;

A Crowd of pious Matrons next, to show  
In flowing Hair, torn Breasts, and streaming Eyes,  
the Publick Woe.



THE



**THE**  
**SUFFERINGS of CHRIST.**

**A N**  
**HEROIC POEM.**

---

**BOOK II.**

---

**S**OON as He reach'd the Mount, the se-  
ver'd Ground

HE forth in dire Concern a dismal Sound,

Mourn'd

Mourn'd with unwonted Horror the Distress,  
 Within its gloomy Womb, and dark recess;  
 As if with Just Resentment it abhorr'd  
 The Impious Sentence of its Martyr'd LORD  
 Reprov'd the Rebel-Jews this wondrous Way,  
 It self more Human for a While than They,  
 Scorning the Stain its Maker's Suff'rings spilt,  
 From its deep Caverns disavow'd the Guilt,

Undaunted yet their Hellish Rage proceeds,  
 Unmindful whom they slay, for whom  
 bleeds:

That HE they torture, suffers to Redeem,  
 And whom they kill so basely, Dyes for them  
 They fix HIM stripp'd to the relentless Wood,  
 And on the Summit bind the Naked GOD.



# CHRIST'S *Sufferings.*

47

Hail! Glorious Mount of Fatel ———  
 To which Indulgent Heav'n so long aspir'd;  
 Often wish'd for, and so much desir'd;  
 For to this Eminence does Christ repair,  
 To fight a great Fight, and wage the Christian War;  
 Death shall be here unsting'd, its Slaves re-  
 liev'd,

And here the publick Welfare be retriev'd.  
 That Prophecies shall here accomplish'd be?  
 That vast Decrees of Fate fulfill'd by Thee?  
 As long foretold in Nature's Infant State,  
 The destin'd Lamb should here resign to Fate;  
 Here should the World's expiring Saviour Bleed,  
 The Soldier's Jav'lin here transfix His Side;

From

From whose Immortal Stream, the Mortal Stain  
Should be expung'd, the People live again;  
By whose dread Conduct, and auspicious Guide  
The trembling Styx should mourn its vanquish'd  
Tide;

The Frighted Shades, and lower Mansions qual  
Devouring Death, and the Infernal Lake.

Dare then, O Christ! fulfil this League divine  
The *Premium* be the World's, the Glory Thine  
Collect thy God-like Soul, nor start at Fate,  
A Death that turns to an Account so great:  
From whence this Curse must end, this War  
ceas'd;

The antient Wrath forgot, and Heav'n appeas'd

## CHRIST's *Sufferings.* 49

HIS Tort'ers, now to Execute their Hate;  
fix ev'ry Hellish Engine of HIS Fate :  
Come to the Cross HIS Hands extended Nail,  
Whilst thro' HIS Feet Some drive the ruthless  
Steel.

Oh Cruel Men! Your Guilt, Your Saviour spare,  
reverse Your Malice, and employ it here ;  
Your Resentments, Your Revenge on Me,  
Your Guilt deserves it, but Your Lord is free :  
who so often have prophan'd My GOD,  
take, take full Justice on a Sinner's Blood.  
What what avails this Wildness of Despair !  
With Winds to argue, or afflict the Air !

H

Deafer

Deaf as all, this Desp'rate Land appears,  
Nor hears My Grievs, nor pities tho' it hears.  
On the steep Mount, and high-erected Wood,  
Is hung, O curst Sublimity! their God;  
From whence in Death He might a Prospect have  
Of those Surrounding Worlds He dy'd to save:  
Here pay the Promis'd Debt, here re-instate  
Poor Bankrupt Mortals, and accomplish Fate.

Are these the Tributes thankless *Juda* gives?  
Are these the Trophies that thy King receives?  
Art thou of all thy Gratitude bereft?  
No Sense of Duty or of Merit left?  
Severe Acknowledgment! Unjust Decree!  
False Land! to Sentence Him that Rescues Thee

# CHRIST'S *Sufferings.* 51

With undiscerning Hate, and blinded Rage,  
You Crucifie the Patron of Your Age:  
To Tortures, Death, and Infamy pursue  
The BENEFACITOR of your Race, and You;  
He who in distant Ages long roll'd o'er,  
Asserted by His Miracles His Pow'r,  
Made you the special Fav'rites of His Reign,  
And freed your groaning Sires from Pharaab's  
Chain :

Tho' Spurning Heav'n's Reproofs, and fiery Rod,  
And all the threatned Wrath of Israel's God,  
He found the Fatal Truth, th' *Ægyptian* Land,  
Soon felt the Crush of an Almighty Hand:  
When at His awful Stretch, Her boasted Bloom  
Of Heroes met their unexpected Doom;



Th' Obedient Deep resum'd its Boist'rous Sway,  
And swept the Tyrant and his Hosts away.

Why should I sing the Desert Sandy Road,  
And *Israel's* Sons supplied with Heav'nly Food?  
How at His Stroke, and His Commanding Pow'r,  
The wounded Rock pour'd forth unwonted Store,  
The fainting Flocks quaff'd Streams that never  
flow'd before.

Shall I forbear His Praise, whose Giving Hand  
Sweetned the Vallies, and enrich'd the Land?  
That taught the Springs to rise, the Brook  
to run  
With Streams of Nectar equal to His own?

# CHRIST's *Sufferings.* 53

And is there Cause, O *Jericbo!* to tell  
How from their high-rai'd Pride thy Towers fell;  
Low levell'd at the Trumpet's shrill Alarms,  
Without th' Assault of War, or Force of Arms?  
Shall I recount who humbled to your Pow'r,  
All *Jordan's* Subjects Towns, from Shore to  
Shore,  
Who crush'd Opposing Hosts, compos'd your Jars,  
And stood the dreadful Brunt of all your Wars:  
Who measur'd to your Tribes with lavish Hand,  
The fatal Sweets of *Canaan's* Promis'd Land:  
These Gifts, Ungrateful Clime, do ye partake,  
And Whips and Tortures the Returns ye make?  
Was His Almighty Love laid out so fast?  
And yet a Cross the Curs'd Reward at last?

Are

Are these the tributary Thanks you bring  
To greet your Guardian Benefactor KING?  
Do such Returns such Benefits become?  
And is a Traytor's Death your Saviour's Doom?

But why, O *Israel*! why this fruitless Moan?  
Why do I charge this Guilt on thee alone?  
Why too, too tardily compassionate,  
Do we upbraid and mourn, but mourn too late  
Thy Faithless Tribe His Persecutors call,  
When Man's first falling was the Source of all?

From us, O CHRIST! (for we the Guilt  
confess)  
Did all thy Love, thy Service merit this?

# CHRIST's *Sufferings.* 55

We CHRIST, the Champions of Thy Christian  
Laws,

Sworn to Thy Banner, list'd in THY Cause;

We who renounce our Faith in Word or Deed,

We are the Rebel Sons that make THEE bleed.

The Crowd, and Soldiers now throng round  
the Stage,

With bitt'rest Taunts, Reproach and mingled  
Rage;

This last Revenge upon their GOD they try,

And by their Insults make HIM more than Dye.

Thus to support their Temples tott'ring Frame,

The Great PRESIDER o'er it they blaspheme;

Thus o'er the Mount the high-swoln Tumult flies,

From ev'ry Part the same sharp Clamours rise.

Close

Cloſe by the fatal ignominious Wood,  
And her Nail'd Son, the tender Mother ſtood;  
But all unſeemly Violence forbore,  
Her Breſt ſhe ſmote not, nor her Hair ſhe tore;  
Nor did ſhe mourn in outward Grief, or ſhow  
In unbecoming Tears a fruitleſs Woe:

With Mind compos'd and calm, the Gen'rou

Dame,

A Mother's, and a Mortal's Pangs o'ercame;  
Her Own, and Son's Affliction did ſhe bear,  
With Brav'ry worthy Him, and worthy HER.

Not ſo with equal Guard the reſt ſuſtain  
Their Injur'd, Agonizing SAVIOUR's Pain;

Dreading



Dreading the Curse, His Execrable Doom  
Drew down on Generations yet to come;  
Already Vengeance frown'd, its dreaded Hand  
With Apprehension shook the trembling Land;  
Remorse and Horror reign'd, the People felt  
In self-convicting Souls the Stings of Guilt.

Why shou'd I more recount? why onward go  
To trace out ev'ry Circumstance of Woe?  
How from His Neck, by Thorns pierc'd thro' and  
thro',  
The Crimson Streams in Savage Plenty flow;  
His Cracking Limbs the stubborn Engines strain;  
and His Nerves stiffen with the Weight of Pain:

How Life's warm Blood, and nutrimental Tide  
Fled from its Seat, his parch'd up Throat was  
dry'd,

And all His burning Stomach unsupply'd :

He gapes! Thirst fires Him up! quick A  
convey;

Bring Streams, the craving Fever to allay :

He who so largely gives, requests so small,

A drop of Water in return of all :

But, O dire Malice! to His Lips is brought

Of pois'nous Compounds an ungrateful Draught :

Fiery and sharp, Death's Tortures to prolong,

Add Heat to Heat, and blister up His Tongue :

Soon as His Lips the tasted Cheat descry,

He pass'd the sour, the hostile Potion by.

Curs'd Cruelty! To THEE this Treatment shown!

THOU who canst call the Rivers all THY own!

Who dost o'er ev'ry Clime THY Springs divide,

And teach the grateful Riv'lets where to glide;

To drench the barren Ground THY Floods extend,

Bid lavish Waters flow, or Rains descend;

In various Channels cut the fruitful Sea,

And yet one little drop deny'd to THEE?

Nor yet, O Saviour! shalt THOU thirst in vain,

But thus THY much requested Draught obtain;

If we with eager Zeal, and pious Grace,

The glorious Purchase of THY Death embrace;

Unlearn the Maxims of a vicious Youth,

Unseal our blinded Eyes to THEE and Truth:

This is the End propos'd, THY just Regard,  
And this of all THY Wounds the full Reward;  
This was the Thirst that scorch'd THY gen'rous  
Breast,

To make a sinful thankless People blest.

But tho' the vital Streams were shrunk so fast,  
And left th' exhausted Sluices dry at last;  
Tho' in HIS latest Pangs their Saviour lay,  
Breathing in short-fetch'd Gasps HIS Soul away;  
Not yet HIS Persecutors Rage went down,  
Nor clam'rous Rabble's Vengeance dy'd so soon;  
Insatiate still, fresh Tortures they retain,  
And tho' they much had try'd, yet more remain:  
Now to the Cross th' upbraiding Scandal flies,  
Insults HIS Pangs, and mocks HIM as HE dies.

Here

# CHRIST's *Sufferings.* 61

Here, Savage Land! Your greedy Eyes employ,  
Here let them revel o'er the Horrid Joy;  
Behold your Slaughter'd Lord, the Streaming  
Blood,

Drench your Hands deeply in the sanguin Flood;  
But this, this new-invented Malice stay,  
Nor bear Reproach, nor wound a double way.

But lo! at length from His expended Blood,  
Their Fury larger grew, the Storm more loud;  
Their Impious Tongues pursue the barb'rous Theme,  
And rather than be silent, they blaspheme:

As yet, O CHRIST! no Wounds THY Fame did  
bear,

Now their Invidious Tongues assault THEE there;

That



That feels their Vengeance next, whilst all  
round

Nought but tumultuous Cries, and bitt'rest Taunt  
resound.

Go to, Vile Boaster! Whilst Thou feel'st Thine  
Doom,

Exert the Godhead that Thou durst assume,  
Thus let Thy Crimes to future Cheats be known  
That by Thy Sentence they prevent their own;  
Too plainly the detected Fraud we see,  
Where is Thy Pow'r divine? Thy Self set free,

Whilst o'er the Mount these daring Murmur  
ring,

And thus th' abandon'd Crowd insult their King

# CHRIST's *Sufferings.*

63

The Patient CHRIST, tho' injur'd, still the same,  
Still unprovok'd, tho' Lawless Tongues defame,  
Senseless of Pain, but Pain HE feels for them;

With generous Mercy mourns the headlong Rage,

The desp'rate Torrent of a madding Age;

Tho' all on HIM the frantick Fury drives,

E'en HE their Pardon sues, e'en HE forgives:

And pointing to his Wounds, by them HE pleads;

By them, for those that gave 'em, intercedes.

Father, I come; HE cries——

Take, take this Soul, thus spotless, thus resign'd,

Freely I give it up for all Mankind.

Nor more HE said,——

But thrice with louder Voice, and pious Flame,

Invoking his Immortal Father's Name :

His

HIS Agonies were o'er, the Conflict past,  
And on the Fatal Cross HE breath'd his last.

If thus All-righteous SIRE ! Thy Guiltless Son  
Must suffer for Offences not HIS own ;  
What sharper Sentence shall Man's Guilt sustain ?  
Man but the humbler Creature of Thy Reign ?  
For Sins on Sins, what Tortures shall we bear ?  
Nor call 'em undeserv'd, or too severe !  
My self, the first of all the sinful Throng,  
So oft delinquent found, yet spar'd so long ?  
Why could not I this vital Mansion leave ?  
Unworthy of the Mercy I receive :  
How oft unpunish'd shall my Crimes withstand  
The slighted Bolt of Heav'n's too tardy Hand ?

# CHRIST's *Sufferings.* 65

Why sleeps the God of Vengeance thus in Peace?  
Why do His Light'nings or His Thunder cease?  
Forbear my greater Guilt, yet strike at less?  
When, where, or who, what Justice will pursue  
My Mis'ries to a Fate so long my due:  
To that dire Stage, (O Hope! for me too Good,)  
With richest Slaughter stain'd, and red with Hea-  
v'nly Blood?  
When shall I there be Sentenc'd, there be led,  
Where CHRIST a Voluntary Victim Bled?  
Why am I fond of Misery to wait  
The useless Dregs of this unhappy State?  
Why more Misfortunes do I thirst to know,  
Or wish a longer Life of Future Woe?  
What is't for which we thus so fondly pant?  
Expos'd to Cares, to Sickness, and to want:

K

Where

Where Hostile Arms inflame the madding Age,  
Where Civil Feuds in envious Bosoms Rage:  
Whilst chiefly Virtue Mourns her fall'n Estate,  
Her low Esteem, Neglect, and Exile Fate;  
Religion at her Altars shrinks with Fear,  
Pale and distrustful of a Sanction there;  
Riots and Lusts the Human Soul disguise,  
With ev'ry Curs'd Variety of Vice.

Did ever Men so fast her Altars fly?  
Or view fair Virtue with so false an Eye?  
Since Virtue nor Religion then are free,  
But feel the Shipwrack of a troubled Sea;  
From this Diffraction, this tempestuous Rage  
Of a Corrupted, an Apostate Age;



Parent Supreme o'er all ! with pity see  
This Hurricane of Life, and rescue me ;  
But if too large be this Request I name,  
What Mercy cannot grant, or Merit claim,  
Let me ascend that Scaffold of Disgrace,  
Cleave to that Cross, and in the close Embrace  
Of the expiring Saviour of our Race,  
Draw all those parting Spirits in, which He  
With Love so bounteous, and with Heart so free,  
Laid out for all the wretched World and me.  
When He submitted to Death's bloody Strife,  
And gave His Own, to purchase Man a Life,  
Let me whole Days my pious Zeal repeat,  
To Thy transfix'd Limbs, and bleeding Feet ;

Thus clinging to the Cross, this Boon obtain,  
 And as I kiss THY Wounds, partake THY Pain,  
 'Till by the same fierce Means, the same Curse  
 Tree,

THY Tortures all are Mine, and I expire like  
 THEE.

Would now, O CHRIST! an equal Warm  
 divine,  
 Inform my Mortal Nerves, as strengthen'd THINE  
 Would the same Thirst of Death that fir'd THY  
 Heart,

To Me its Sacred Influence impart :  
 For THEE, what Store of Torments could I fear  
 What Death too frightful think, or too severe?

## CHRIST's *Sufferings.* 69

Resolv'd by any Form of Fate to die,

And what was meant for Pain, account my Joy.

Tho' this Indulgence seems for them reserv'd,

Who of thy Sacred Laws have well deserv'd

Thy Legacy of Death, the Heavenly Palm;

Be resolute yet all, and struggle for the same.

Rise to my Aid each part of me, to mourn

My Debt of Sorrow o'er my Saviour's Urn;

That the whole Earth may in the *Chorus* joyn,

And mix their Tears of Widowhood with mine.

Whilst thus the Muse proceeds in mournful  
Strains,

To draw out all the Series of THY Pains,

To feeling Souls, and weeping Worlds to tell,

In doleful Numbers, how their Saviour fell;

How

How THOU, O CHRIST! didst with Resentment see.

Mankind enthrall'd, and Dye to set 'em free:

What Tides sufficient shall my Grief create?

What Tears to solemnize a Theme so great?

In what sad Note, what melancholy Strain,

Half equal to the Cause, shall I complain?

No more for human Ills let Sorrow rise,

Or swell with fruitless Tears my redd'n'd Eyes:

For human Mis'ry then shou'd they've been paid,

E'er yet the Cross was rear'd, or the MESSIAH

bled.

E'er for Our Sins th' Extremes of Fate HE bore,

E'er the rude Nails the gaping Sinews tore,

E'er on the Tree our God disfigur'd hung,

Or in the pitying Air the mangled Carcass swung.

# CHRIST'S *Sufferings.*

91

Can I behold THY agonizing Frame,  
Pale closing Eyes, and Life's expiring Flame?  
See THY faint Strugglings, and weak Gasps for  
Life,  
O GOD! with harden'd Bosom, steel'd to Grief?  
My self the first, the greatest Cause of all;  
Me THY upbraiding Wounds THY Murth'rer call:  
Yet me THY too-indulgent Mercy spares;  
The Sentence of my Guilt the Guiltless bears;  
Live I this Wretch, and no Contrition show?  
No Penitence of Soul, or Violence of Woe?  
No Tears o'erflow my Eyes, all Grief suppress;  
No Groans break upward from my sever'd Breast?  
Since suff'ring Nature shudder'd at the Deed,  
And bled to see the GOD of Nature bleed.

THY



THY Works all felt Thy Fall, the Mountain  
mourn'd,

Whilst Groan for Groan the weeping Rocks  
turn'd;

Beneath; the subterraneous Caverns Roar,  
And all their Adamantine Hinges tore.

Whilst Purple *Phæbus* shot his Western Ray,  
The fading Lustre of declining Day:

Starting, He shrinks Him back with speedie  
Force,

And leaves with Horror His unfinish'd Course.

The Sable Curtain of the Night drew on,

And a black Tincture dy'd the paler Moon:

From op'ning Clouds of Fire, and yellow Air,

Terrific Light'nings hiss, and Meteors glare:

O'er the dark Pole the flaming Comets fly,  
And gleam'd portentous thro' the Desert Sky:  
Shrieks in the troubled Air for Justice call,  
Sternly denouncing Nature's speedy Fall,  
The End of Time, and final Wreck of All.

*Æther*, in just Abhorrence of the Sin,  
Withdrew His Eyes, and put a Cloud between:  
Enjoin'd each Element to mourn the Sight,  
In deepest Silence, and profoundest Night;  
The yawning Tombs resign'd their meagre  
Prey,  
The Shades compell'd unwillingly away,  
With Grief revisit the ungrateful Day,  
Phantoms new-wak'd from lower Worlds, were seen  
To stalk the City round in ghastly Mien:

L

Whilst

Whilst here and there th' affrighted People fled,  
By sudden Fear o'erwhelm'd, and conscious Guilt  
dismay'd.

Now were th' united Omens first rever'd,  
And Bodings of Almighty Vengeance fear'd.

But whilst the Minister of Death was come  
To execute his Fellow-Suff'rers Doom,  
(With Apprehension dying e'er it came,)  
And free the struggling Soul from the reluctant  
Frame:

A Horseman on the Mountain, o'er the rest  
Gaily conspicuous by his feather'd Crest,  
Nobly equipp'd, in Armour rich inlaid  
Of *Tyrian* Labour eminently clad;

Viewing th' expiring Coarse, and riding near,  
Thro' the bare Side impell'd the crashing Spear;  
Piercing his Ribs, it to the Midriff ran,  
Already cold in Death, and senseless of the Pain;  
Strait from the Wound the sanguin Torrents rush'd,  
And reeking fast pursu'd the fatal Thrust,

Here, Mortals, date your Hopes of future Good,  
Here, from these Streams of reconciling Blood;  
His Heav'nly Breast submits not to the Stain,  
Nor pours its Purple Rivers forth in vain;  
But that from them Mankind their Ransom pay,  
And wash their Blots of Infamy away;  
That all the rescu'd Earth from hence receive  
Those better Terms of Life they flow to give.

Nor shall such Principles my Mind enthrall,  
To think the Merits of THY Blood so small;  
Its Benefits, just Saviour! so confin'd,  
Expended but for Part, not All Mankind:  
What Doctrine dares pervert thy great Design,  
Or limit such a Boundless Love as THINE?  
Whose Niggard Faith THY Generous Zeal disown,  
And say THOU suffer'dst for that Faith alone?  
Again, again on Man then will I call,  
Preach Hope, and Terms of Happiness to All:  
His Mercy, to the Cross when pinion'd fast,  
The Rebel-World experienc'd to the last:  
The Thief, the Partner of his Saviour's Fate,  
Found Mercy by a Penitence so late.

From



# CHRIST'S *Sufferings.*

77

From hence all future Criminals may know  
What Hope can reach, what Penitence can do:  
Thus fortify'd, thus eas'd in ev'ry Doubt,  
Why are our Prayers deferr'd, our Sorrows mute?  
Why pouring forth one endless Flood of Woe,  
Kissing our Naked Breasts with many a desperate  
Blow,  
The dread Altar do we not repair,  
Take off this Load of Guilt, and of Despair,  
And pay our willing Vows of true Contrition  
There?  
My self will lead, my pious Suit begin,  
Shall the dreadful Roll of all my Sin,  
In the blackest Aggravation bear,  
Resolution of my Soul deter.

O Hea-

O Heav'nly Pow'rs! my Crimes with Pity see  
If mindless of His Death who Dy'd for Me:  
Vain worldly Trifles I have madly sought,  
And led to brittle Joys my flatter'd Thought:  
If in those gay delusive Paths I've run,  
Which Gratitude and Wisdom bad me shun;  
Preferr'd Terrestrial Treasures to Divine,  
And mortal Happiness, O CHRIST! to Thine.  
Nor did we, SAVIOUR, promise then the same,  
When at the Font we took the Christian Name  
Abjuring, by that Mark our Foreheads bear,  
And by the Sacred Water sprinkled there,  
The Lusts of Vice, th' alluring Baits of Sin,  
The World, and all the gaudy Pomp therein.

## CHRIST'S *Sufferings.* 79

For e'er Thou, CHRIST, didst first arrive, and  
deign

to put on this Disguise of Man,

to teach us by Precept, and Example too,

and open'd all THY Empire to our View :

Beyond our Earth no Prospect could we find,

No Promise of another World behind,

At this, our first Unhappy Parents Doom,

As we enjoy'd ; nor knew of one to come ;

As was the most our Hopes could once create,

When Man lay grov'ling in his humble State.

Since, O CHRIST ! Thy Purple Stream of

Love,

Has purchas'd us a nobler Reign above ;

Let

Let more exalted Views our Souls employ,  
Call'd up to Realms of everlasting Joy,  
Adopted thus the Sons of Heav'n, we rise  
From Earth to our Hereditary Skies:  
Hence let nor Riches--Lure, or Grandeur's--Pride  
Gain on the Soul, or draw the Heart aside;  
Let no false Fear our slavish Passions bind,  
Alarm the Lukewarm Zeal, or Coward Mind.

Whose Sense is so deprav'd? Shame! Shame!  
to tell!

Who would quit Heav'n, to be a Slave to Hell  
Those Seats where Pleasures upon Pleasures grow  
To bend his abject Thoughts on Dust below?  
Since CHRIST has Bled, despairing Man to save,  
And rescu'd us from Darkness and the Grave,

## CHRIST's *Sufferings.* 88

Close'd up the deadly Wound, and made our Way  
from Night and Sin to one Eternal Day.

All then whom gnawing Guilt, and conscious

Fear

tract, in full Assembly gather here;

With prostrate Reverence, and humbling Knee,

Address your Vows, the PARENT GOD atone,

the deep Wounds of's reconciling SON:

Heav'n-born SON! by all that Love divine,

at Love thro' which we are adopted THINE;

all that Hope, which e'en in Death so kind,

you bad'st the Wretched, and the Guilty find;

each dire Pang of Death, by each Disgrace,

our mangled Limbs, and by Thy bloody Face;

M

Ev'n



Ev'n by that Mercy THY Tormentors found,  
By THY transfix'd Bosom's gaping Wound,  
By ev'ry other Mark of Love, O! spare,  
And make, as once he was, Man still THY Care  
Nor now forget, nor let us be deny'd  
Those glorious Terms of Life, for which Th  
Dy'd.

Since by THY Death, O CHRIST! we do  
no more,

The fear'd Resentment of THY Sire is o'er;  
The League is sign'd, the Articles agree,  
And the wide Breach is reconcil'd by THEE:  
Yet shall not Pride take hence a stronger Flight,  
Or plume unpunish'd in its pompous Height:

# CHRIST's *Sufferings.* 83

You, with ambitious Minds so largely swoln,  
With greedy Prospects of a false Renown;  
Mad Souls by glitt'ring Trifles set on Fire,  
And hurried thro' a Flood of wild Desire:  
Draw near, behold Your dying Master's Pain;  
Behold the Cross, and dare not to be Vain:  
Here let its just Rebuke the Phrenzy meet,  
Weak Men ignobly Proud, and impotently Great.

Behold HIM floating in His precious Blood,  
His Face disfigur'd by the Crimson Flood,  
Behold His Feet by cruel Engines bor'd,  
His Bosom gaping by the hostile Sword;  
Thou who let'st Malice rage within Thy Breast,  
And giv'st a Loose to the destructive Guest,

M

That

That dar'st not bid thy Rival Brother live,  
Nor know'st the God-like Virtue to forgive:  
Think, think thou Madman, in thy Phrenzy lost  
Did CHRIST, the Blessings of whose Death you  
boast,

Bear to His Foes this unforgiving Mind,  
The Brother, and the Saviour of Mankind?  
Thy blackest Hatred cancell'd, thus did He,  
When after Wrongs on Wrongs He pardon'd Thee

If thus a restless Lust of Vengeance sways,  
Or Envy on degen'rate Nature preys,  
If hurried on by Anger's rapid Tide,  
Proud of thy self, and scorning all beside;  
Let this Reflection be thy stronger Rein,  
From Passion bridle, and from Vice restrain.

# CHRIST's *Sufferings.*

83

You who dishonour Wedlock's sacred Ties,

And prostitute your Bed to foreign Joys,

Give way to lawless Thoughts, and loose Desires,

And cherish unrepuls'd forbidden Fires:

Think, think what Pangs your God sustain'd for  
you,

And then the treach'rous damning Joy pursue:

Think on His Death, shou'd that no Anguish draw,

Strike no Remorse, just Fear, or sacred Awe?

Dead to that sad Scene, you're dead to All,

Virtue's truer Sense, or Nature's Call:

You Cross alone must stemm the giddy Flood,

Correct the vicious Heat and tainted Blood.

Auspicious Tree! distinguish'd out by Fate,

Bear so noble, so divine a Weight;

The

The World's MESSIAH, whose rich Boughs bring  
forth

Vast Fruits of such inestimable Worth,  
Fruits everlasting both for Heav'n and Earth,  
The World's Redemption; in what equal Lays  
Shall I transmit thy Name to future Days?  
Proud in Man's early Fall, Death, Glorious Tree  
Gives up His Triumphs, and His Spoils to THEE.  
The Gloomy Vassals of the dark Abode  
Shrunk at thy near Approach, and own'd the  
oming God:

The Shades that on the Stygian Borders stray  
Blest with applauding Shouts thy Victor Ray;



Whilst Heav'n and Earth, and Hell thy Feats pro-  
claim,

The blacker Legions fled before THY Fame;

Their Chief at THY superior Virtue shook,

And his Counsels, and his Armies broke.

The ancient Curse, the first Unhappy Pair

Impress'd on Blood to Blood, on Heir to Heir,

And taken off, more glorious Worlds we view,

By THY Celestial Fountain born anew.

YEE, under a Serpent's † Form conceal'd,

What Miracles were wrought, what Wounds were

heal'd;

Then with th' Arabian Pestilence they griev'd,

YEE, THY Hebrew Sons but look'd and

liv'd.

---

† The Brazen Serpent, Exod. iv. 7.

Here, Mortals, bless the Means that set you free  
 Bless, bless the sacred Trunk, the saving Tree,  
 With which for equal Value, none compare,  
 Or on their Boughs an equal Treasure bear.  
 Let Superstitious *Greece* her Oaks esteem,  
 And hear the Riddle-Mysteries from them:  
 Let *Lebanon* th' aspiring Cedar boast,  
 Or some the Cypress on th' *Hamonian* Coast:  
 Yet, BRANCH of our REDEMPTION! still will We  
 Who bear the Christian Title, honour THEE.  
 The Time shall come, when at THY sacred Shrine,  
 Each diff'rent Land each diff'rent Faith shall join,  
 From false and foreign Worship reconcil'd to THINE.

O Cross

O Cross! thou Sacred Venerable Badge,  
Thou Glorious Ensign to a happier Age!  
All Worlds shall kneel, Monarchs with suppliant  
Knee  
Shall pay a Pious Reverence to Thee:  
Around thy Trunk with holy Ardour twine,  
And on their Foreheads boast thy Honourable  
Sign.  
And when the hardy Legions to \* proclaim  
Thy truer Faith, and propagate thy Name,  
With Pious Fortitude for Fight prepare,  
And in thy Cause support the Holy War;  
The Misbeliever's Bigot Arms resist,  
And curb the dreaded Tyrant of the East;

---

\* The Knights who fought for the Recovery of the Holy Land.

Thy Sacred Image on their Bosoms seal'd,  
Shall turn the Fortune of the doubtful Field;  
Thro' all the Toil of War thy Chiefs convey,  
And from opposing Squadrons bear the Day.

The Shipwreck'd Sailor on the winding Shore  
Shall thy Superior saving Hand implore:  
Thou shalt stretch forth thy Comfort to Distress,  
Bid Winds forbear to blow, and Tempests cease.  
Whoever launches on a doubtful Sea,  
Or dares the Terrors of the watry Way,  
When sternly dreadful with a warring Form,  
And dark Presages of a coming Storm;  
Tho' from Above the watry Sluices pour,  
The Thunder rattles, and the Torrents roar,

## CHRIST's *Sufferings.* 91

Tho' Winds rage fierce, tho' busie Light'nings  
play,

And one deep Gloom involves the hidden Day;  
In Spight of all the Elemental War,

Tho' Clouds with Clouds in hostile Combat jar,  
Let but his Front the figur'd Cross sustain,

The Cat'ra~~cts~~ spout, Fires glare, and Thunder  
threats in vain.

Oh Tree! to be rever'd thro' Earth and Hell,  
What Sacred Rapture does my Bosom swell!

With what fierce Transport do I Thee embrace,  
Thou Fruitful Patron to our helpless Race!

Oh Branch! despairing Mortals happiest Prop!  
Their strongest Comfort, and securest Hope!



What tho' by Faith, and Heav'n's peculiar Love  
The *Hebrew* Prophet \* was convey'd above;  
By Miracle was sav'd, thro' Climes of Air  
Wasted triumphant in a fiery Car?  
Thro' Thee we now explore that blisful Reign,  
Thro' Thee the highest Rank of Bliss obtain:  
Thou canst alone appease th' All-judging Pow'r,  
And stand between His Wrath, that dreadful  
Hour,  
When summon'd Nations at His Call shall come,  
And from His awful Voice expect their final  
Doom!  
When ev'ry Deed shall in full Light appear,  
And ev'ry guilty Thought its Comment bear!

---

\* *Elijah.*

## CHRIST's *Sufferings.* 93

When the Great God with lifted Arm shall  
stand,

And from His radiant Throne pronounce His dread  
Command!

Torch with vindictive Fire this sinful Ball,

And give the last decisive Crush to All!

Then Cross! be gentle to thy Poet's Prayer,

And make with all thy Zeal His Friends thy  
Care:

But chiefly in thy Eye let *Britain* stand,

That ever constant, ever pious Land;

Ever intent on that good Glorious End,

Its Faith to guard, its Altars to defend.

Happy Country! still be this thy Care,

Midst all the Fruits of Peace, or Triumphs of a  
War.

Safe

Safe in Your SAVIOUR's Patronage go on,  
Sure of the Cross's Sanction, be, as You begun:  
Still Virtue's righteous pleasant Paths regard,  
And reap a mighty and a sure Reward;  
Let these o'er ev'ry other Thought preside,  
And DAWES! bright Beam of Truth be Thou the  
Guide:

At what, a Roll of Titles can we rate?  
Or what avail the Purple Robes of State?  
What's Pedigree? or thro' our Veins to trace  
The distant Source of an Illustrious Race?  
What is the Pride of Eloquence? The Rules  
Of graceful Speech, and Rhet'rick of the Schools?  
Nay should You be, (what Pleasure could it bring  
The Idol of a Mob, or Fav'rite of a King.

CHRIST's *Sufferings.* 95

Can these compare, can these do equal Good,  
As the protecting Cross, or SAVIOUR'S Blood?  
The rest may superficial Praise bestow,  
And deck with Pageant Wreaths the gawdy  
Brow :

From hence indeed the empty Courtier draws  
The giddy Tide of Popular Applause,  
But on the Sacred Cross alone, my Friends,  
The Crown of Immortality depends.

*F I N I S.*



CHRIST'S SUFFERING

On these compare, can there be equal Good?  
The precious Cross, or Saviour's Blood?  
The best may infernal Flame below,  
And deck with Pagan Witches the Giddy  
How:  
How hence indeed the empty Counter draws  
The giddy Tide of Popular Applause?  
On the sacred Cross, my Friends,  
The Crown of Immortality depends.

F I N I S

